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20455

10

204.55, 10

Ben. May 1








Left Room







To  
Professor Francis James Child;  
as a token of kind regard,  
from the Author.



## CARMINA MINIMA.

BY

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

——“ Motés in the Sonné beame.”

CHAUCER.

1859.

20455, 10

1870, Aug. 2.

Gift of  
Prof. Francis J. Child,  
of Cambridge.

J. ALFRED NOVELLO,  
TYPOGRAPHICAL MUSIC AND GENERAL PRINTER,  
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## Preface.

THIS knot of "unconsidered Trifles" (which certainly Autolycus himself would not care to "snap up") was intended only for private circulation,—as a keepsake and memorial of old and sweet friendships; of cordial acquaintances; and of abounding hospitalities.

The old saying however recurred to me;—"There be many that do know the Lord Mayor's Jester; but whom the Lord Mayor's Jester doth *not* know:" and so, I, in my late public capacity of lecturer, may possess numerous unrecognized friends among my audiences, who might desire to retain some small memento of one, who claimed, at all events, the merit of an honest zeal and assiduity in administering to their intellectual demands and recreation:—I therefore determined upon the usual, open form of publication.

The compositions themselves are casual thoughts, scattered, at long intervals, over more than a half century of varied, busy, and every-day mental employment. They accurately fulfil the present intention of their author concerning them; since, being "Trifles," they betoken his "Respect" in this, their presentation.

*Nice, Nov. 1858.*

1

2



## Carmina Minima.

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### Prologue

*To a School Play.*

**I**N times of yore, when our first Edward reign'd ;  
(Edward, whose brows by patriot blood were stain'd)  
In times of yore, when learning in our isle  
Dar'd not assume her present winning smile ;  
When dark-ey'd superstition's icy hand  
Benumb'd th' aspiring genius of the land ;  
The British Drama first began her course :  
Weak in its onset, feeble as the source  
Of great Maragnon, whose gigantic wave  
Rolls on (by thousand rills enhanc'd) to lave  
Each fertile region, gladdening as he rolls.  
Even so, our Drama, breaking from the thralls

Of purblind ignorance, first wound her way.  
*Her* stream was small, and weak *her* first essay ;  
 And our first actor was the Parish Clerk !  
 A man not quite the fittest form'd to work  
 Upon the feelings, or to rouse the mind  
 To deeds of fame—unless perchance you find  
 That Edward's Clerks were far more erudite  
 Than those whom we are doom'd to hear recite  
 Sublimest truths in quaint and vulgar tone.  
 The taste improv'd as men had wiser grown,  
 And plays were play'd by dramatists alone.

Then mighty Shakespeare burst to life and light !  
 The genius of our Drama hail'd the fight ;  
 And darted forth, exulting, on the wings of fame,  
 To publish to the world her victory, and claim  
 The wreaths that long had been the bright rewards  
 Bestow'd on Grecian, and on Roman bards.

Our author, who to-night implores your smile  
 On this, his first attempt,—though puerile,—  
 Begs me to warn you from the ill-tim'd laugh :  
 For you must be inform'd that more than half  
 Is Shakespeare's language blended with his own ;  
 And with such art, that they can scarce be known  
 Asunder. You, therefore, that are *well* read  
 In Shakespeare, must be cautious ere you spread

The sneer sarcastic, since you may be found  
Committing sacrilege on bardic ground.

Our author and his friends in nought have spar'd  
expence ;

And you yourselves can testify their diligence ;  
Then give them your applause—their sweetest recom-  
pense.

1806.

## Sunset.

*An irregular effusion.*

**O**H how exquisite is this stillness !  
The vulgar shout, and more obtrusive laugh  
Are now confin'd within those magic walls  
Licenc'd by the State. Never did I see  
So grand a sunset ! The whole expanse  
Is liquid gold ; and not a cloud has dar'd  
To intercept the flood of glory.  
“Dark with th'excessive bright, the ‘trees’ appear,”  
Waving their locks majestic to the orb  
Of day. Now all the tiny habitants  
Of air are wheeling round and round my head,  
Shouting their vespers to the parting day.  
Their little congregated voices sound  
Like gladfome boys at play—heard from afar.

Around me every object beams with joy.  
 The wide-extended fields of golden corn,—  
 Untorn by storms of wind, and lashing hail,—  
 Gently bow their heads to the soft step  
 Of balmy zephyrs dancing o'er their surface.  
 All—all are glad !—I too am glad as they :  
 Glad to be born free as my native air :  
 Free was I born ; and free will I remain.  
 Glad in my friends : and glad to own a heart  
 Boundless as the deep ; warm as yonder glow ;  
 Leaping to cheer the persecuted soul ;  
 And grateful for the blessings shower'd around.

1805.

### The Nightingale.

WHAT time the sun has wheel'd into the deep  
 His fiery car, and evening cold and pale,  
 In ruffet clad, and zone begemm'd  
 With dewy pearls, in sober state  
 “ Comes walking o'er the brow of yon high eastern hill,”  
 The Nightingale begins his tale of love :  
 Small in the onset, and abrupt :  
 Now in a loud and silver tone  
 Of extacy :—Now in a simple strain  
 So love-lorn, and indeed so full of ruth,



As though his little heart would burst :  
 Like to those sudden dying falls,  
 Struck from that airy harp by light-wing'd fays  
 Flitting o'er the strings. Sweetest warbler ! say—  
 What sorrows can afflict thy breast.  
 Thou hast no shining friend to spoil  
 Thee of thy mate : no oily villain thou,  
 To lure thy little partner from her home.  
 Senseless of these woes—happy bird !  
 Happy bird !—thou'rt in Paradise !

1807.

## Horace.

### *Book I., Ode XI.*

“Tu ne quæsis (scire nefas).”

**I** ADVISE, my dear Tom, that you never demand  
 What limits the Gods have prescrib'd to our days ;  
 Nor consult Mr. Andrews\*—that notable hand  
 At nativity-casting : believe me, 'tis base.  
 'Twere better to bear with an equable mind  
 Our lots, good or bad, as they're sent from above ;  
 Not caring if this be the last winter's wind  
 That blows over our heads ; or whether great Jove

\* Successor to MOORE, the Almanack-maker and Astrologer.

Has many bright days for us laid up in store.

Be wise, then, and quaff your Madeira ;—leave sorrow :  
For e'en while we talk, Time has fled on before ;

Then seize fast his forelock, and trust not to-morrow.

1809.

## To my Sister,

*On her birth-day.*

**B**LESS thee, my Bell ! again with sincere joy  
I hail thy birth. The day, like angel's face  
Is beautifully clear and calm ;—no trace  
Of weeping cloud. The rich-hair'd, lusty boy  
Of morn (like him of old, who made a toy  
Of arms and steelèd foes) with awful grace  
Shakes out his golden locks, and strides apace  
Through Heav'n, making all nature reel with joy.

To meet th' occasion of this noble day,

Each field is deckèd with a coronet  
Of dainty flowers. With slender, dewy ray

The primrose meekly smiles, and dear violet  
That stole its scent from Heav'n.—For thee they bloom :  
For thee they smile : for thee fling round this sweet  
perfume.

1816.

Song.

**A**S night-rain to the parched tree ;  
 Or to the flag the fountain-wine ;  
 As honey-dew to the eager bee,  
 Such was thy mouth to mine.

Like peaches on a single stem,  
 Unbosom'd to the golden sun,  
 Oh, I would kiss,—and kiss like them ;  
 And, like them, ripen into one.

To \* \* \* \*

**D**O not think my heart is gay,  
 When I am join'd to scenes of gladness ;  
 For still the thought of thee,—away,  
*Will* rise, and smite my heart with sadness.

For I do love, and prize thee so,  
 That I could hate myself for taking  
 Part in mirth, the while I know  
 For love of one that heart is aching.

Yet art thou here, where'er I go,  
 With all thy nobleness to cheer me ;  
 And all thy love,—which none can know,—  
 In blessed thoughts are ever near me.

And thus, though fever'd by a living death,  
 Thy finer spirit walks out to my need ;  
 Like the meek violet's delicious breath,  
 Though crush'd itself beneath an ugly weed.  
 1817.

### Song.

**I** LOVE the talking of the giddy breeze ;  
 And the quick ripple of the ocean ;  
 And the waving of high forest trees ;  
 And the clouds' eternal motion.  
 But more than these I love a calm so deep,  
 That I but *think* the breeze is nigh ;  
 When woods and clouds are still as flocks asleep ;  
 And ocean like the marble sky.  
 So have I lov'd the low, sweet voice and clear  
 Of that unrepining mouth ;  
 Whose notes still hang upon my mem'ry's ear,  
 Like fairy tales in early youth.  
 But when my eyes those eyes would meet,  
 And each a mute entreater,  
 Oh, then my heart indeed would beat ;—  
 For though the words of love are sweet,  
 The thoughts of love are sweeter.

To Vincent Novello.

GAY says,—no doubt you recollect it,—  
 “Friendship, like Love, is but a name,  
 “Unless to *one* you stint the flame.”

But who the Devil would expect it,—  
 Since friends are few, and fewer found  
 Sweet to the core ; and firm, and sound ;  
 That having one friend, I am bound  
 To slight the offer of a second, and reject it ?

Besides, you know,—or ought to know it,—  
 That I’m a pluralist,—at least  
 In friends ; and (which is more) am blest  
 In my selection, and can show it.  
 Shall I then sue for a divorce ;  
 And cut off each collateral source  
 Of joy ;—all merely to give force  
 To Mr. Gay’s assertion ?—I’ll not do it !

No ! but whene’er I meet a fellow,  
 Whose heart seems of the good old breed ;  
 Plain and uncourtly ; and yet freed  
 From sour severity ; and mellow

With deeds of love and gentleness, I'll bear him  
My worship ; and with pride declare him  
" Friend ! " and " in my heart I'll wear him,—  
" My heart of hearts, as I do thee, ' Novello.' "

1818.

## Song

*On Old May Morning.*

Set to Music by Vincent Novello.

COME, hie away, away with me ;  
Away, my love, to the greenwood tree.  
The sun has left his ocean bed ;  
The happy lark is on the wing ;  
Let no one talk of drowfihed,  
For this is " Old May Morning ! "  
Then hie away, etc.

We'll fit beneath the flowering bough,  
And hear the thrush his bridal fmg ;  
And I will deck thy gentle brow  
With gems of Old May Morning.  
Then hie away, etc.

Pale primrose, and blue violet ;  
Cowslip, with head down turning ;  
Shall form thy sylvan coronet,  
My Queen of Old May Morning.  
Then hie away, etc.

And thus the hours shall glide along  
 On dove-like, blessed wing ;  
 And we will sing our woodland song  
 To welcome Old May Morning.  
 Then hie away, etc.

And when the day is well-nigh told,  
 And we are home returning ;  
 We'll talk of those in times of old,  
 Who danc'd on Old May Morning.  
 Then hie away, etc.

### The Four Seasons.

*An imitation and continuation of the oldest known English song,—the second stanza forming a portion of the original.*

SPRINGE is ycomen in ;  
 Dappled Larke finge :  
 Snowè melteth ;  
 Runnelle pelteth ;  
 Smelleth winde of nu buddinge.  
 “ Summer is ycomen in,  
 “ Loude finge Cucku !  
 “ Groweth feede,  
 “ Bloweth meade,  
 “ And springeth the woode nu.”

Autumne is ycomen in,  
 Ceres filleth horne :  
 Reaper fwinketh,  
 Farmer drinketh ;  
 Creaketh waine with nu corne.

Winter is ycomen in,  
 With stormiè sadde cheere :  
 In the paddocke,  
 Whistle ruddock,  
 Brighte sparke in the dedde yeere.

1829.

## Lines

*In my Mary's Diary.*

**M**AY cheerful thoughts that wait on health ;  
 May self-respect,—the bank of wealth  
 That feareth not detraction's stealth,  
 Be thine, my Mary !

May this day's record be the spring  
 Of all the year's delight, and bring  
 No mildew with its blossoming,  
 My wife! my Mary !



And when the summer-days are gone  
Of life, may our dear union  
Shine like a frosty setting sun,  
My own dear Mary!

Jan. 1, 1831.

### The Sea-Bird.

Set to Music by Thomas Attwood.

UP and down o'er the toiling sea;  
Up and down with the driving gale;  
'Mid blinding snow, and flashing hail,  
The Sea-bird flaps on patiently.  
No storm can quell his steadfast heart;  
No ill can change—no fortune part  
Him from his cheerful constancy.  
But to all sorrow  
He bids good morrow;  
And when the storm urges,  
He bounds o'er the surges,  
And clings to his home in the rock by the sea.  
Mary, my own, like that sea-bird am I;  
Thou art my home,—thou my rock by the sea.  
When adverse fortune's tide is running high,  
And all around our heav'n looks frowningly,

I'll bid good morrow  
 To every sorrow ;  
 And when the storm urges,  
 I'll bound o'er the surges,  
 And fly to thy heart,—my rock by the sea.

1832.

## The First of the Fairies.

**W**HAT ho ! ye minims of earth !  
 Enwomb'd in your cells,  
 The buttercup bells ;  
 Come forth at my call ;  
 Come forth, one and all :  
 'Tis Oberon calls you to birth.  
 Whence we came, and what we were,  
 Let no one ask, let no one care,  
 Since here we are,—since here we are !  
 You Brisk, and Frisk,  
 With Whip and Nip ;  
 Come forth in your ranks,  
 Come forth with your pranks,  
 And crown we our birth-night with mirth !  
 Come one, come two,  
 “ With mop and mowe,”

Come twenty in order meet ;  
 And as you pass  
 O'er the dewy grass,  
 In lightning glance  
 Of your whirling dance,  
 Make rainbows with your twinkling feet.  
 You, Mustard-feed, go tweak  
 With roguish freak  
 The nose of cramming priest ;  
 While Cobweb, there, and Nip,  
 Will pinch and grip  
 The snoring flattern in her nest.  
 And when the owl has wing'd his flight ;  
 And the pearly drops of night  
 Hang thickest on the lime-tree flower ;  
 You, Bean and Pea-blossom, go clamber  
 To the sleeping maiden's chamber,  
 And prank anew her window bower.

Now, hey for a roundel,—fo, fo !  
 And now through the roundel we go ;  
 My fairies keep time  
 To the cricket's chime,  
 And the laugh of our chorus, “ Ho, ho ! ”

## The Fairy's Funeral.

**B**ENEATH the frowning tresses of a hoary oak,  
 Whose shadow in the moonlight dappled o'er  
 The velvet-tissued lawn, I saw a company  
 Of Elves, clad all in sparkling white, as leaves  
 Of spear-grass in the wintry morning rime. In hand  
 Each bore a daisy-blossom, tipp'd with flame,  
 Drawn from the beacon Glow-worm. And so, hand in  
 hand  
 Together join'd ; with heads, like snow-drops, bow'd,  
 And footing flow, they circled a dead fitter's form,  
 Singing this fairy dirge :

Weep, Fairies, weep ! our reign is o'er ;  
 For Death, alas ! has come among us ;  
 Roundel dance we now no more,  
 For his venom'd barb hath stung us.  
 Fairies no more—we sad-ey'd mortals are,  
 Wedded to forrow, and made grave with care.

( *Chorus.* ) “ Fairies no more,” etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Cetera in nubibus.*

# The Laft of the Fairies.

**G**ONE are all the merry band ! Gone  
 Is my Lord—my Oberon !  
 Gone is Titania ! Moonlight fong  
 And roundel now no more  
 Shall patter on the graffy floor.  
 And Robin too ! the wild-bee of our throng,  
     Has wound his laft recheat—  
         Oh fate unmeet !  
 The roofed cock, with anfw'ring crow,  
 No longer starts to his “ Ho ! ho ! ho ! ”  
     For low he lies in death,  
     With violet, and mufk-rofe breath  
     Woven into his winding-sheet.  
 And now I wander through the night,  
 An old, and folitary fprite !  
     No laughing fifter meets me ;  
     No friendly chirping greets me ;—  
     But the glow-worm fhuns me,  
     And the moufe out-runs me ;  
         And every hare-bell  
         Rings my knell :—  
         For I am old,  
         And my heart is cold.  
             Oh mifery !  
             Alone to die !

To a beautiful little Dell, with a Fountain ;  
near Maidenhead, Berkshire.

*A Rhapsody.*

O H, Fairy cirque ! within thy mystic round  
Are found

Daintier delights than Angels taste.

Not all the sweets that graced

The hallow'd Tempe's vale,

Its lapping stream, and wanton gale

Fainting on beds of Asphodel ;

Or swelling hills, with golden fruitage crown'd ;

Could ever lure me from thy sacred haunts ;

Where pants

My throbbing heart with extacy ;

As o'er that level lea,

I climb yon gentle mount,—

Moss-grown,—that o'er-hangs the fount

Of all my joy :—Oh, let me count

Minutes for hours ; the while my spirit flaunts

In giddy rapture o'er the tender scene.

Between

Those smoothly parting banks that shade

The auburn-bower'd glade,

Sunny and warm, I lie

Clofe-bedded, like the bee, and pry

O'er all my odorous luxury.

Such are the gifts that make us closely lean

On life ; and such thy charms, my Fairy dell,

To quell

All sorrow ;—and yet, such the spell

In thy mysterious well ;

That I could ne'er refrain

To enter there ; although my gain

Be certain death :—but then, the pain

How sweet ! *how* sweet, no tongue can ever tell—

Oh Fairy Dell !

1832.

### Whip-poor-Will.

THE moonlight sleepeth on the sea ;

The night-wind slumb'reth on the hill ;

The cattle in the misty lea

Are all reposing tranquilly.

All are at peace—all take their fill

Of rest,—save the lorn heart of Whip-poor-Will.

On him the honey-dew of sleep  
 Its gentle balm doth ne'er distil ;  
 But he is doom'd to mourn and weep  
 From night to night the sorrows deep  
 Of those, whose groans and anguish fill  
 The Mammon-tyrant's purse.—Poor Whip-poor-Will !

And he in morning-life was parted  
 From all he lov'd, to go and till  
 The stranger's foil :—and while he smarted  
 With grief and rage, died broken-hearted.  
 And now he sings by moonlight rill,  
 “ Sleep, sleep, worn ghost of Whip-poor-Will ! ”

1832.

“ ‘ Whip-poor-Will,’ and ‘ Willy-come-go,’ are the shades of those  
 “ poor African and Indian slaves, who died worn out and broken-  
 “ hearted. They wail and cry, ‘ Whip-poor-Will,’ ‘ Willy-come-go,’  
 “ all night long : and often, when the moon shines, you see them fitting  
 “ on the green turf near the houses of those whose ancestors tore them  
 “ from the bosom of their helpless families ; which all probably  
 “ perished through grief and want, after their support was gone.”

*Waterton's Wanderings.*



## Woman's Smile.

Set to Music by Charles DesANGES.

**T**HROUGH every weary stage in life,—  
Through every care—through every strife,  
Kind Heaven relief may send ;  
But nought can beguile  
The heart of its toil,  
Like the smile of a Woman-friend.

'Tis night-rain to the parched tree ;  
'Tis honey-dew to th' eager bee ;  
'Tis zephyr to the opening rose :  
'Tis Heaven's own light  
To him whose night  
Has fadden'd amid the Polar snows.

'Tis white cliffs of their native land,  
At morning seen by sailor band  
Who long have toil'd upon the main ;  
Or bubbling spring  
To him wand'ring  
O'er Zara's wild and scorching plain.

'Tis freedom to the dungeon-bound ;  
 'Tis coolness to the throbbing wound ;  
 Or health to plague-tainted air.  
 'Tis morning breaking ;  
 An infant waking ;—  
 'Tis every thing that's good and fair.

1833.

### To my own Mary.

**I** FEEL my spirit humbled when you call  
 My love of home a virtue :—'tis the part  
 Yourself have play'd has fix'd me : for the heart  
 Will anchor where its treasure is ; and small  
 As is the love I bear you,—'tis my all,—  
 The widow's mite compar'd with your desert.  
 You, and our quiet room then, are the mart  
 Of all my thoughts ;—'tis there they rise and fall.  
 The parent bird, that in its wanderings  
 O'er hill and dale, through copse and leafy spray ;  
 Sees naught to lure his constant heart away  
 From her who gravely sits with furléd wings,  
 Watching their mutual charge.—Howe'er he roam,  
 His eye still fixes on his mossy home.

1832.

To Lady Harriet \* \* \* \* :

With a White Moss-Rose,

*On her birth-day.*

(Written at the desire of a friend.)

**B**E pleased, dear Lady Harriet, to receive  
My simple gift upon your natal day.  
Simple indeed, in worldly estimate ;  
And yet (if judg'd aright) attended by  
A train of high and gracious thoughts serene.

It teaches us, that all created things,  
However fair, expand in loveliness,  
When cherished by the cultivator's art ;—  
That mental beauty, like the wood-side briar,  
If wisely foster'd, blooms the perfect flower.

Its dazzling whiteness also teaches us,  
In sacred emblem, of virgin purity,  
And of that lustrous company divine,  
Who stand before the Throne, and sing of peace  
And love vouchsaf'd to man for evermore.

And when, at last, its ripen'd splendour fades,  
The finer spirit still lives on, and tells  
In accents audible, that Virtue alone  
Can triumph over Death :—that beauty dies ;  
But th' odour of Truth survives decay.

In after years, dear Lady, may you shine  
 A spotless rose in Albion's noble wreath :—  
 Virtuous in deeds, brilliant in ornament  
 Of Body and Mind :—and when the hand of time  
 Shall bear thee hence, to bloom in Paradise,  
 May th' odour of thy name be sweet in death,  
 As wither'd blossoms of the White Moss-Rose.

To Lady Harriet \* \* \* \* :

With a copy of "TALES FROM CHAUCER."

**G**RISELDA'S meekness; and that gentle strength  
 Of heart, which whisper'd hope to mild  
 Custance, with but her infant child  
 To gaze on, 'mid the booming sea-wave's length :  
 The steadfastness of faith which sweetly rung  
 Through th' infant voice, that in the street  
 Of Jewry, and in Mary's honor did repeat  
 "O alma Redemptoris !" loudly sung :—  
 All these be thine, fair lady ; but with nought  
 Of their attendant cares :—Saluzzo's trial ;  
 Alla's absence ; or stealthy Jew's espial,  
 That Christian innocence so fiercely fought ;  
 Aspirings meek, faithful and strong, meet no denial ;  
 But gain thee, Heaven, at last,—the victory well bought.

M. C. C.

On visiting a little Dell near Margate,

*Called "Nash."*

**O**H what a power hath Gentleness!—I who  
 Unmov'd could look upon the furling sea,  
 And with affected valour bear my front  
 To the loud winds when they call :—or at  
 The base of some cloud-piercing hill, whose  
 Sullen head uprear'd in loneliness,  
 Seems to forbid th' access of struggling foot ;  
 Should feel my spirit by opposition rous'd,  
 And nathless *would* stand on his peaked top.—  
 Yet when I come into this little world  
 Of leaves and lowly flowers, where silence reigns  
 (Like the fam'd Halcyon seas, without a ripple)  
 In everlasting rest ; my spirit subdued,  
 Acknowledges that "Gentleness is Power."

It is so calm and beautiful a place,  
 You would suppose it could have never known  
 The fearful rush of "wind and dire hail ;" or

That violence of any kind, untam'd  
 Could harbour there :—The blest influence  
 Of some sweet angel hovers o'er the spot  
 To keep it from all harm,—and it is safe.  
 So, th' ark of God rested in peace beneath  
 The spreading wings of mighty Cherubim.

There may you see trees of the loveliest growth ;  
 Some fresh and green, as if they “ never would  
 Grow old.” The graceful Elm is there with shaft  
 Corinthian, and leafy Capital.  
 Fantastic Hawthorn, with its snaky trunk  
 Writhing from out the ground. The Doric Oak.  
 Ash with smooth rind, and amber-colour'd leaves,  
 Shedding a golden light. You might suppose  
 The bright-hair'd huntress, Dian, had been there,  
 And all her glory not yet pass'd away.

And, all around this green retreat, the banks  
 Rise higher than your head, topped by the trees :  
 And down their sides the lazy Bramble trails  
 Its slenderness ; and here and there, through clumps  
 Of green, you catch the auburn-colour'd mould—  
 Rich and warm : and sometimes spots of chalk,  
 On which the sprawling Ivy loves to show  
 Its dark and glossy leaf.—But when the blithe

And shining May, garlanded with flowers,  
 Is mistress of the year ; then you must come  
 And see her scatter from her ample lap  
 The yellow Cowslip, and the pale Primrose ;  
 The scented Violet that lurks unseen,  
 And like a noble heart, presents her store  
 With earnest diffidence. Then you will see  
 The perking Daisy ; and, like burnish'd gold,  
 The yellow Crowfoot—Buttercups—Blue-bells,—  
 But why need I go on ?—Suffice to say  
 You scarce can plant your foot, and not bow down  
 Some pretty flower.

Surrounded thus with leaves,  
 I, and the lovely partner of my walk,  
 Stood in mute wonderment at all we saw :—  
 While the unfearful stillness all about,  
 That yielded only to that “ small still voice ”  
 Among the leaves, which “ whisper'd Peace.”—  
 Above our heads, the calm and bright blue sky ;  
 Beneath our feet, the fresh and pleasant green ;  
 And everywhere the placid-smiling face  
 Of Nature in her joy, sent to our hearts  
 The unresisting truth, that “ Gentleness  
 Is Power.”

But *I* should not have told your charms,  
 Your perfect charms, delightful spot!—that task  
 I would have left in other hands ; myself  
 Contented to have ponder'd o'er each scene  
 In silent homage. Little justice have  
 I render'd you, dear Nook!—and yet, be sure  
 I put forth all my might, since I obey'd—  
 What could I less?—the mild command  
 Of woman's sweet request, and sweeter looks :—  
 And thus again I prove that “Gentleness is Power.”

1818.

## The Burial of a Soldier.

**S**AD was the day, and mournful clouds festoon'd  
 Th' horizon. O'er thy placid brow,  
 Beautiful Hampstead, many a dusky wreath  
 Came gathering ; and that face which wont  
 To beam out as the morning bride, now, like  
 A lovely widow through her weeds,  
 Look'd anxiously serene. The noisy wind  
 From the South-west, steep'd in tears,  
 Came sobbing in my face ; and on its wings  
 Bearing the low and furly hum



Of the great town. In melancholy plight  
 The pale sun had sunk down to rest ;  
 And flow-pac'd, lazy cows went dreaming home,  
 Murmuring on their way a deep  
 Organic note, responsive to the call  
 The hind repeats, to " Come along."

How are we victims made of circumstance !  
 Yon frowning sky, and sobbing wind,  
 Yon feebly-gleaming sun, whose rays seem'd blanch'd  
 With tears ; together with the low  
 Mysterious coil from busy multitude ;—  
 All so conspir'd to fill my mind  
 With images of melancholy cast,  
 That e'en sweet Nature's face methought  
 No longer lovely seem'd,—but *all* was gloom.  
 So, on the brow of that fair hill  
 Which fronts thy southern face, sweet town, I stood,  
 And thought of all the mighty tide  
 Of Being then before me, urging on  
 Its founding waters towards that dark  
 And silent sea, that intellectual plumb  
 Hath never founded. And I thought,  
 That, not a thousand generations hence,  
 When haply, all that vast abode,—

Those myriad piles of monumental art,  
The domes, the spires, the palaces,  
The grinding wheels of those long-throated engines,  
That effortless pour out their smoke,  
And all the works of grandeur, show, and use,—  
Shall, like a summer-morning vapour,  
Pass away, and know their place no more.  
The dizzying roar of all thy streets,  
Gigantic town ! which far off in the champaign  
Like “ the voice of many waters ” sounds,  
Shall cease ;—and in the place of this, a stillness  
As of that dead, and pall-black night  
Egyptian, when the desolating spirit  
Set forward on his stern behest.  
A stillness—as if noise were yet unborn :  
A stillness—that the carrion crow,  
When flying over, shall be heard a mile.  
Displac’d by mouldering quays and bridges,  
Yon lapsing stream shall leave its ancient bed,  
And lose itself in one wide swamp.  
There shall the daunted wild-duck live unscar’d,  
And build amid the juicy flags  
That nod and jerk to every passing wind.  
The lonely desert-wanderer

Shall come from th' utmost soil of that new world,  
 Where Patagonia wedges down  
 Into the great South sea :—a land now rude  
 In arts, and wild,—then cultivated :—  
 And as he stands upon the verge of that  
 Great swamp, amaz'd to see the end  
 Of human pride, by th' humbling hand of time,  
 Like molten lead his voice shall fall,  
 Echoless, as he pronounces—" LONDON !"

Nor marvel, reader, at my words,—  
 Since Babylon the Great hath fall'n, and Tyre  
 Become a naked rock : and Carthage  
 Is destroy'd ; and hundred-gated Thebes  
 An awful, giant wreck.—Rome too,  
 Some time mistress of the world, now fits  
 Upon her crumbled throne—forsorn—  
 In faded grandeur, and magnificent  
 Decay.—Where is the Eastern might  
 Of Tamerlane,—self-styl'd Kouli Kahn ?  
 Or of the lion-tartar, Zenghis,  
 Who glar'd in Isfahan ; and like a wild  
 Tornado rav'd, and shook the patient  
 Earth ?—Shall these all fade and sink with years,  
 And thou alone in verdant youth

Live on ? Shall Nature change her course for thee  
 Alone ? Shall mutability  
 Obsequious avert her rolling wheel  
 And pass *thee* by ?

Such were my thoughts,  
 When straight I heard a far-off trumpet speak :—  
 And searching down the vale to find  
 The quarter whence th' obedient wind had borne  
 The warlike note, I mark'd a band  
 Of foldiers bearing to his silent home  
 A dead companion. \* \* \* \*

(To be finished—"To-morrow,—and to-morrow,—and to-morrow !")

1816.

## Hymn to God.

**I**N thy large temple—the blue depth of space ;  
 And on the altar of thy quiet fields  
 (Fit shrine to hold the beauty of thy love),  
 Great Spirit ! with earnest cheerfulness I place  
 This off'ring, which a grateful heart now yields.  
 For all those high and gracious thoughts that rove

O'er all thy works ;—for all the rare delights  
 Of eye and ear ;—harmonious forms and strains  
 Of deepest breath ;—for each ensuing Spring,  
 With all its tender leaves, and blossoming,  
 And dainty smells that steam from dropping rains ;—  
 For sunny days, and silent shining nights ;—  
 For youth, and mirth, and health,—though dash'd with  
     smarts  
 (As luscious creams are ting'd with bitterness) ;—  
 For Hope,—sweet Hope !—unconscious of alloy ;—  
 For peaceful thoughts, kind faces, loving hearts,  
 That suck out all the poison from distress :—  
 For all these gifts I offer Gratitude, and Joy !

### “ Hic Jacet.”

**L**ET not a bell be toll'd, or tear be shed  
   When I am dead :—  
 Let no night-dog, with dreary howl,  
 Or ghastly shriek of boding owl  
 Make harsh a change so calm, so hallowed :—  
   Lay not my bed

'Mid yews, and never-blooming cypresses ;  
But under trees  
Of simple flow'r and odorous breath,—  
The lime and dog-rose ; and beneath  
Let primrose cups give up their honied lees  
To sucking bees ;  
Who all the shining day, while labouring,  
Shall drink and sing  
A requiem o'er my peaceful grave.  
For I would cheerful quiet have ;  
Or, no noise ruder than the linnet's wing ;  
Or brook gurgling.  
In harmony I've liv'd ;—so let me die,  
That while, 'mid gentler sounds this shell doth lie,  
The Spirit aloft may float in spherul harmony.











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